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## AT DAN'S MOUNTAIN. OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT TAKES A JAUNT.

The Scene of the Cleveland-Folsom  
Honeymoon--The DeKalb Monument  
--The Dunkards.

*Special Correspondence of the Sentinel.*  
DAN'S MT. Aug. 16.—Up here, tonight, one can lie back and reflect without interruption. The whole of Alleghany or Alleghany county is swept by those gentle mountain breezes one so soon learns to love. It is perhaps one of the richest counties in the State of Maryland. There is one distinguishing feature, aside from the superabundant mountains, with which even Nature has blessed Alleghany, and that is, its contrary river. Every river in the State joins Chesapeake Bay, except the Youghiogheny. Naturally enough, long before Oakland or Deer Park, near its source, became known, the river received its name because "running the contrary way." The mountains, the peaks, the cliffs, the slopes, and hills all belong to the range that marks the Western boundary of North Carolina. Perhaps the fresh, pure air beating against the face of the Western North Carolinian is carried up the Alleghany to the Western Marylander. The Blue Ridge, nearer Winston-Salem, cross Maryland to the East of Alleghany county, 30 or 40 miles away. But we started to reflect.

THE DE KALB MONUMENT brought a great crowd to Annapolis, to-day. We were there, and saw the magnificent sculpture unveiled. After having been whirled miles away from the Capitol of the State, we lie back on the summit of Dan's Mt., and reflect. We might reflect on this age of progress—years ago it would have taken two weeks to make this zigzag journey—but we only have time to say a few words. We should love to hug Dan's Mt. all of our lives, but that is as impossible as hugging something better. The DeKalb monument will lend additional interest to Maryland's Capital. One of the last comic features of Congress was the accusation that Annapolis was "commercially dead." Annapolis, proud, old Capital of proud, old Maryland, with its plain but dear old State-House, its Governor's Mansion, its college, its seminary, its academy, its shipping, with its historic associations, its frequent visitors, and its oyster trade! And to-day, when access was obtained by land and water for the troops, the orators, and the spectators, Annapolis seemed alive in something more than commerce.

DAN'S MOUNTAIN, where we pause but a few days, is in Eastern Alleghany, and one of a dozen in the county, sporting names no man can interpret. It is high, within sight of Cumberland, swept by the breezes of the Alleghanies on the northwest, and followed by the Potomac and B. & O. R. R. on the southeast and west. From its peak may be seen the richest scenery in all Maryland. Its fellow-mountains to the west rise up in their majestic ruggedness, and lend grandeur to the scene. Famous summer resorts meet the eye. Beautiful glade lands, here and there through which many a deer has fled, call up hunting scenes of the past, even remind that there the Lenni-Lenape once had their wigwams. Every rock and every tree are historical. Deer Park, that second Paradise, alone could contribute to a volume. But richer, more abundant, are the traditions of Alleghany county, going down with traditions of Western Maryland. Dan's Mountain, in its traditions, is richest of all.

THE SIXTH MD. DISTRICT embraces Alleghany county. This is the District which Lewis McComas, whom THE SENTINEL had occasion to commend during the session represents in Congress. It is regarded as a close Republican district. Mr. McComas, though a warm Republican, owes his success to great personal popularity. Personally, there is not a more winning, and what is better, a more manly, member in Congress than Lewis McComas. He resides thirty-odd miles from Dan's, near the Blue Ridge. Alleghany county went Republican in 1884 by over 500 majority. Cumberland, the most prominent town nearest Dan's, is safely Democratic; in fact, most of the towns in the vicinity enjoy like security. From sources such as these, it is learned that the sixth district of Maryland will never go Republican again. Of course, the exuberant sanguinity of mountaineers must be taken into consideration. There is nothing against McComas, but the Sixth district has stood out Republican, alone, long enough.

MR. AND MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND have immortalized Alleghany county, perhaps almost made sacred the spot on which they began their married life. Oakland or Deer Park, or any place in Alleghany, from glade to hill, is suitable for a honeymoon. Every

recreation known to mountain summer resorts may be enjoyed. The mountaineers still speak of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and have treasured up no small number of jokes in which the bridal couple figure. Even Dan's Mt., though not a summer resort, rich in its wildness, affords some inducement to those contemplating the nuptial plunge. There are young men here now who would have brought somebody with them, if somebody had consented to come. Worst of all, perhaps, there are young women here now who would have come with somebody.

## "NORF CAL'NY WAYS." ODDITIES OF TARHEEL CIVILIZATION.

Incidents that Could Happen Nowhere Else But in Tarheelia--A Mail Carrier Mistook for a Preacher, etc. etc.

The mail carrier between this place and Mt. Airy has various styles of vehicles for conveying the mail. He is fixed also for carrying passengers when any wish to travel with him, and he can also fix for not carrying passengers when there is none to car-

ry. His calling is often mistaken by strangers whom he meets on the road. Sometimes he is taken for the advance agent of a circus, and sometimes for a candidate for office, while a good many take him for a singing-school master. Saturday he was accosted by a man who wanted to know if he was going up the country to preach.

"Preach!" he exclaimed, "thunder, no, I'm going up to meet Bill Minish, get the return mail and 'swap a few' with him. Git 'long Sal, what do I feed you Government rations for but to do Government work." And Sal got, while the old mail carrier haw'nd and he he'd at the idea of being taken for a preacher.—Salem Press.

Last Thursday there was an old lady from Brindletown in Morganton and upon being asked how crops were

to its propriety, we will submit the same to some eminent men for approval or rejection, before we will print the same.—Ez

Columbus Rippy and Skiff McCurry fought on Thursday with pine knots and steel yard "P." After a preliminary quarrel, McCurry struck his antagonist with a steel yard "P," then Rippy returned the compliment with a pine knot which felled to the ground McCurry. Both were hurt and swore out state warrants against the other. McCurry with a frescoed head is in

## A TRIP TO PITTSBURG. FROM NAG'S HEAD TO THE GREAT IRON CITY.

A North Carolinian's Journey, and Some of the Many Things That Attracted his Attention.

*Special Correspondence of The Sentinel.*

PITTSBURG, PA. Aug. 16.—Our last ended at Nag's Head. We now bid farewell to "the sounding sea" and are en-route for Norfolk, which place we reach by the N. S. R. R. in time to board the elegant palace steamer, Car-

board one of these western bound trains affords one an excellent opportunity to study human nature. It is composed of twelve or more coaches and each one is crammed and jammed with every imaginable specimen of humanity. English, Irish, French, Dutch, Poles, Swedes, Indians, Chinese and Negroes. Male and female, rich and poor, old and young; babies, parrots, song-birds, monkeys and dogs. Our train is the "limited express" with only a few stops before reaching Cumberland. With a snort and a jump we are off for Washington; here we get a view of the monument, the tallest structure in the world, the Capitol and various public buildings. Again we are off and are thundering toward Harper's Ferry. From the train is seen John Brown's fort and other places of historic interest. Now the scenery is grand; the Potomac has dwindled to a mere thread. Here Stonewall Jackson crossed—yonder a battle was fought. All along through this beautiful and romantic country the "Stars and Bars" were carried, with varying fortune, by the veterans of the "lost cause" until furl'd forever at Appomattox.

As the train speeds along, canal, river, valley and mountain are seen at a glance. From some cause the train is an hour behind time and I can say never did I experience such "rapid transit." Winding along the banks of rivers whose muddy waters are struggling over rocks forty or fifty feet below and turning curves so suddenly we had to hold on with both hands to keep from flying out the windows (the rate was about 60 miles an hour) is something to disturb the equilibrium even of the most experienced tourist. Cumberland is reached, however, without accident and we change cars for Pittsburg. Fortunately the new conductor appears more rational and the speed is not so fearfully fast. The country seems to grow wilder, more rugged and romantic. The train flies along at forty miles an hour, through hills and over valleys—now plunging into tunnels of mid-night darkness to emerge as quickly in the sunlight to again behold wooded mountain peak and spreading valley. Anon the walls of bare rock rise an hundred feet at our very side; again we are leaping streams or following their serpentine courses; now flashing past towns and villages seemingly hanging upon the hillsides so insecurely that the merest breath would precipitate them to the chasm below. Nightfall overtakes us within fifteen miles of Pittsburg. Now we are in the coal and natural gas region—look where we will, to the right or the left, fires are burning. Iron works, Coke works, Bessemer-steel works, natural gas wells (the tubes thirty feet high) blazing twenty feet above the mouth of the tube. Such sights cannot be witnessed elsewhere. On, on we go and reach Pittsburg itself—a perfect panorama of light. This is a wonderful city, with its vast and varied industries. Its population is estimated at over 200,000. The inexhaustible supply of natural gas which is being utilized now in the place of coal is gradually relieving the city of the smoky, dingy appearance which once gained for the place the name of "hell's oven with the lid off."

The people seem prosperous—they are certainly energetic. The finest horses and cattle are here. Everything is push and vim. Machinery is used for every possible purpose. Shipments are made to all parts of the civilized world. This is indeed one of the great cities of the earth. W. C. D.

A N. C. Preacher in Philadelphia.

From the Charlotte Observer.

Our young friend, Rev. Mason W. Pressley, is giving the Philadelphians some good sermons, and the papers of that city continue to report them. His latest subject was: "The Supremacy of the Press for Good or Evil." "Is the supremacy of the press for good?" said Mr. Pressley. "The press is the herald of the gospel and the greatest preaching agency the church has ever had, and it may be presumed that Mr. Spurgeon Mr. Talmage do more good through it, than directly from the pulpit. And now may I ask, 'Is it a power for evil?' Yes, it is. In the hands of the devil it is just as potent for evil as it is supremely good in the hands of God-tearing, conscientious men.

Why the Black Eagle of Ill., Screamed.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

It is now in order for Logan to remark: "I knowed war with them Mexicans was eminent, that's cause why I introduced my bill to increase the army."

War Averted in the West.

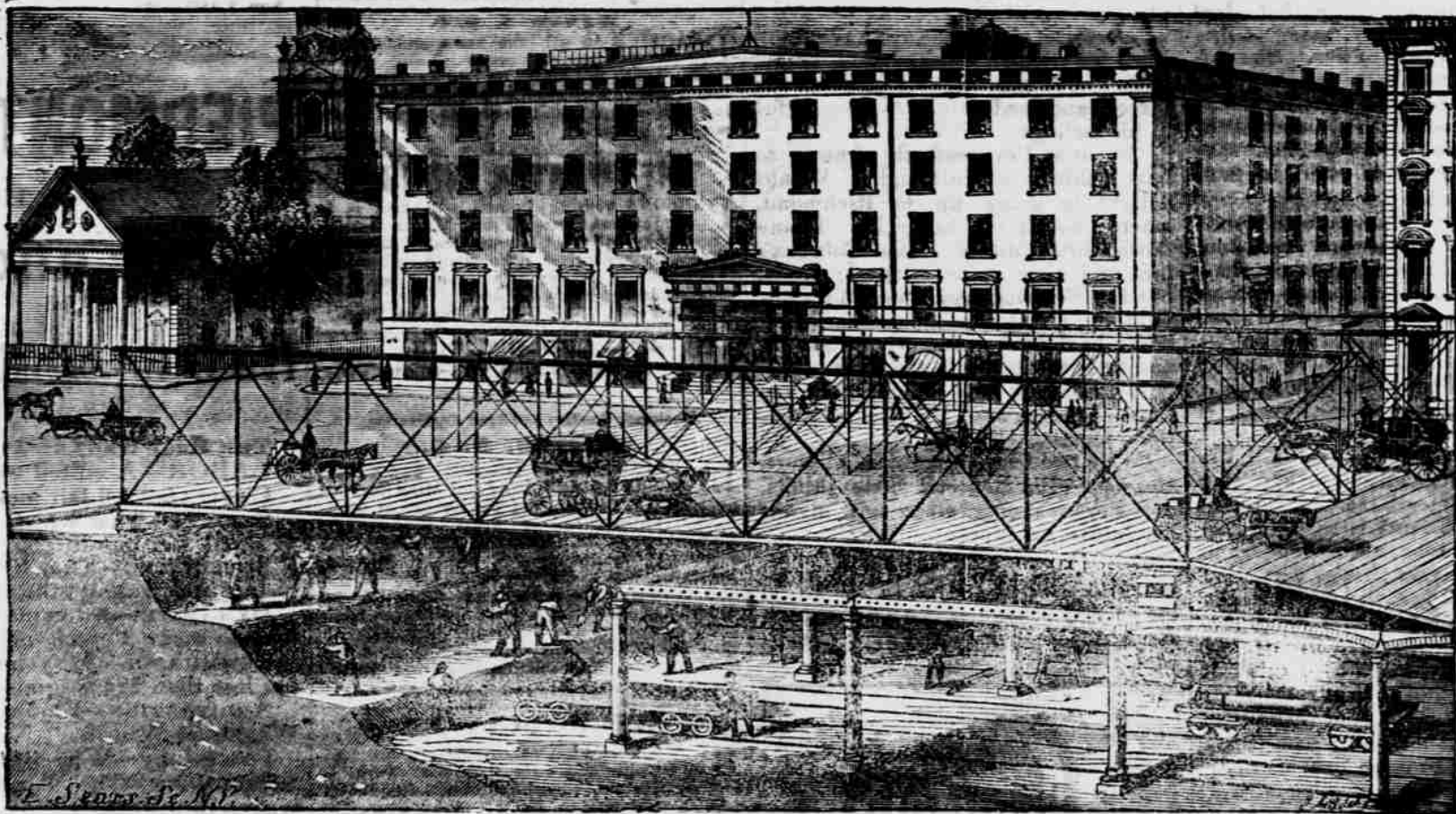
From the Mount Union Register.

It is a mistake to put spoons in the holder handles down.

Congress Costs the Country Dear.

From the Williamsport Greif.

It is nonsense to say that talk is cheap.



EXCAVATING FOR THE ARCADE RAILWAY, UNDER BROADWAY, NEW YORK. (SEE SIXTH PAGE.)

if somebody had come with them. It is always so; one-half of humanity never understands the other. When Grover Cleveland beheld Dan's Mt. his soul was moved. He swore: "If you were a man, I'd have you in my Cabinet." To which Mrs. Grover Cleveland very quickly replied, "You have me now, and that's enough."

THE DUNKARDS are a feature of the adjacent county, named for Washington. It is here the famous battle of Antietam was fought. Antietam Creek and South Mt. mark the battle-field. It was in the forest around Dunkard's church or chapel that the battle was thickest. This is really the Blue Ridge region, though most and name seems applicable. Down a few miles is that rich and unsurpassed scenery of Harper's Ferry. Washington county is not so

ry. His calling is often mistaken by strangers whom he meets on the road. Sometimes he is taken for the advance agent of a circus, and sometimes for a candidate for office, while a good many take him for a singing-school master. Saturday he was accosted by a man who wanted to know if he was going up the country to preach.

"Preach!" he exclaimed, "thunder, no, I'm going up to meet Bill Minish, get the return mail and 'swap a few' with him. Git 'long Sal, what do I feed you Government rations for but to do Government work." And Sal got, while the old mail carrier haw'nd and he he'd at the idea of being taken for a preacher.—Salem Press.

Last Thursday there was an old lady from Brindletown in Morganton and upon being asked how crops were

jail and Rippy gave bond for his trial next week at Court.—Shelby Aurora.

One of Asheville's popular city undertakers drove through the streets Tuesday with a very unique sign of his profession, a handsome new coffin with a couple of watermelons resting upon it. The Citizen says the combinations was rather suggestive, and so impressed the public.

Little Dan Haynes, of Newton, was monkeying with a rooster last week and it stuck its spur into his hand. The little fellow is suffering from blood poisoning.—Lincoln Press.

The colored people here believe that Bertha Cross' body can be discovered by placing her clothing in Broad



ARCADE RAILWAY STATION. WHEN COMPLETED AND IN OPERATION, UNDER BROADWAY, NEW YORK. (SEE SEVENTH PAGE.)

mountainous; its has what is known as the Great Valley; its soil lacks some of the few disadvantages next door. Its whole eastern border is mountainous, rising so high that its blue ridge may be seen miles away. The Dunkards, and other religious colonies, with a rich, healthy country and every facility, thriving beyond description. SHADOW.

The Hills Give Back the Glad Refrain.  
From Five Hundred Echoes.  
Congress adjourned on Thursday.

in her section she replied: "What corn wasn't drowned out took on a brash growth and now that this drought has set in, about the time it gets ready to shoot it'll fire!"—Lenoir Topic.

We fell into unintentional error, when it was too late to take out a certain article in this week's paper. We thought it was a good local, but some persons think it is a very "tough" piece. We are truly sorry for it. Whenever any local item or communication in our hands is in doubt as

River where she was drowned and that her dress will float and stop at the exact spot where her body lies. This experiment was tried in vain on Tuesday by a large party of her colored friends. Her body has not yet been found.—Shelby Aurora.

A Chunk of Wisdom.

From the Columbus Times.

Swell headed young men starting out on life's journey are funny things especially if they have a little learning.

the almost tranquil waters, is scarcely perceptible—so noiseless its ponderous machinery and gliding its motion.

After a night's refreshing slumber, we steam into Baltimore at 9 o'clock a. m., amid a perfect forest of towering masts and pennants gaily streaming above ships from every quarter of the globe. To briefly mention all the points of interest to be seen in this city of monuments would itself fill my letter, so will hasten to the magnificent depot of the B. & O. R. R. and take the cars for Pittsburg, Penn. To